

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Kublai Khan"

(feat. Goretex, Tragedy Khadafi)

[Vinnie Paz:]

God hates me, never keep my banger on safety
My mother raised me alone, you can't break me
My heart's pumping the blood of Royce Gracie
My thoughts dumping the slug and point straightly
You rhyme fakely, you still scarred
I'm studying deep thoughts like Bill Maher
I'm real raw, we just dumbing it out
And y'all ain't saying nothing with a gun in yo mouth
That's what I'm about, but Vinnie Paz go deeper
Y'all still under the spell of dose ether
The Grim Reaper, it's all nature
And every word from Allah is on paper
We all hate ya, we can't stand you
Chapter 8: Verse 3, Book of Daniel
You like a candle, you just burn
You never worship Allah, you can't learn

[Stoupe:]

I melt mics 'til the soundwave's over
America's Cream Team, redeemed
Brainwashed kid
All y'all crab bitches ain't gotta worry

[Goretex:]

Chemical spaceships, see dust splits, hit from The Matrix
Pig Destroyer, Anarchist kiss, splatter your patriots
Make coke stops, injecting my pockets with Botox
Latex bitches be choking on cock like Blow-Pops
My flow's hot, my Glock's like a popular friend
Sniffing Oxycontin, we rock till the popular says
Merciful Fate, we at the gates, I hurt you for cake
This Red Planet's like a Shit Magnet, encounters with Jake
Digital cuffs, running from the D's and the fuzz
Gut you out, rock a gas mask, bleeding and stuff
Into the void like Blue Velvet, goons and clerics
New synthetic designer jewels for moods in deserts
In Heaven and Earth, barcodes to measure my girth
That's like the J.D.L. joining the Zulu Nation for turf
Birth of the solar, we did so, write for the cobra
Goretex, freedom, and we all stand with iced-out clothes

[Stoupe:]

I melt mics 'til the soundwave's over
America's Cream Team, redeemed
Brainwashed kid
All y'all crab bitches ain't gotta worry

[Tragedy Khadafi:]

Now what it be's like, niggas wanna stay tight, I stay right
Face fight, get your wig split, shit, then I spit
Most Accurate, Lex right in back of it
Range on the side of it, yo I'm trying to get a lot of it

I rock that exotic shit, spit the hottest shit
Blow trial, might get the same time Gigante get
Death before dishonor shit, gangster persona shit
Jedi Mind, two-five is who I polly with
When I'm trying to score the third, it's who I holler with
Yo hood, its my project, exchange objects
Yo guns for my TECs, yo range for my Lex
From Q.B. to Philly, we control set
I stay splurging, heads stay wrapped in Turbans
Tighter than a virgin or Ford Excursion, nigga
So how you figure that we don't be repping?
Wholesale drugs and weapons in the Dodge Intrepid, nigga

[Goretex:]
Yo Stoupe, what up baby, what's good?

[Tragedy Khadafi:]
Jedi Mind, the gracious, two-five collabo
Aura check, global, gangster global